

DYING OF CANCER, HURRIES THE END WITH A PISTOL

Emil Moeschler Shoots Himself As His Horrified Wife Looks On.

STRUGGLES WITH NIECE.

Young Woman Tries In Vain To Prevent Despondent Man's Act.

Condemned to death by a doctor, who told him he had cancer of the stomach, Emil Moeschler, a jeweler, took the execution of the sentence into his own hands this afternoon. He shot himself through the heart in the living apartment back of his store at No. 57 Eighth avenue, while his wife, paralyzed with horror, looked on and his sixteen-year-old niece, Freda Scherer, of New Haven, struggled with him for possession of the revolver.

It was yesterday when Moeschler heard his doom pronounced by an eminent specialist. He had been suffering with pains in the abdomen and went to the doctor for an examination.

"Do you want to know the truth?" asked the business-like man of medicine. "Certainly," replied Moeschler. "I can stand it."

Sentence Pronounced.

"You can live only a few months," said the doctor. "An operation might prolong your life, but you are doomed anyhow. You must put yourself on a rigorous diet, cut out heavy foods, and arrange your affairs as soon as possible."

Moeschler, who was forty-six years old, paid his fee and went home. He told his wife what he had heard. Yesterday evening he talked over the situation with his friends in the neighborhood where he had been in business for twenty-five years.

"If I am doomed to die a lingering death," he declared, "I might as well end it now. I want to escape all the suffering. What's the use of living if you can't eat?"

His wife, alarmed by his tone of melancholy, hid all the poisons and acids used in the jewelry shop and broke the hammer off her husband's revolver. Moeschler's friends talked to him and thought they had persuaded him to be resigned to his fate.

Bought Another Pistol.

He discovered this morning that his wife had broken his revolver. Without saying anything to her he went out and bought another. After the noon meal, while his wife and sister were in the dining-room, he pulled the weapon from his pocket and calmly announced his intention of killing himself.

Mrs. Moeschler was unable to move. Freda Scherer, however, strong for Moeschler, caught his arm. He laughed in her face as he forced the muzzle of the weapon against his breast and pulled the trigger. Death was instantaneous.

JILTED, SHE WANTS

GOLDBERG'S \$5,000

Millie Fox Really Isn't After

Cash as Much as Satisfaction.

"Millie" Fox, as she was known two years ago on the London concert stage, has started out for \$5,000 for a damaged heart, following the failure of Samuel Goldberg, to marry her, as she alleges she agreed to do.

Mrs. Fox is living with friends in Bleecker place, Brooklyn. She is twenty-two years old and has a splendid voice. Goldberg is a prosperous real estate dealer, No. 389 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn. Lawyer Moses D. Moss, of No. 360 Broadway, represents Miss Fox.

According to the lawyer, Miss Fox's engagement to Goldberg was celebrated formally by orthodox rites at his brother's home in Brooklyn in January, 1907, four weeks after Goldberg met and became engaged to the girl. The papers, witnessed by a rabbi and signed by both, are in the lawyer's possession.

"I don't want money, for I don't need it," said the young singer to-day. "I want satisfaction. I gave up a lucrative engagement to stay here and prepare to become Mr. Goldberg's bride. He postponed the marriage from January to June and then to last Christmas, and now denies all engagement, despite his signature. I may obtain an engagement here after the suit is settled."

WANTS CHILD FROM WIFE

WHO LEFT HIM 7 TIMES.

George W. Noshor, a well known resident of Mount Vernon, to-day, through Judge Syme, filed a petition in the Supreme Court at White Plains for a writ of habeas corpus for the production in court of his seven-year-old daughter Florence, now in the possession of his wife, Mrs. Mary Noshor, who resides in Yonkers. Noshor has been fighting for the possession of his child for justice. Morchauser denied his application for the possession of his daughter. Noshor says in his petition that his wife left him seven times, the last occasion being on April 10 last. On May 2 he alleges that while he was absent his wife visited his home and carried away the child. He went to Yonkers and got the little girl from her mother, but the latter managed to get Florence back.

Millions Are Waiting to Be Gathered In by Young Man of To-day, McAdoo Says

All He Has to Do Is to Aim at a Goal and Concentrate Mind and Efforts on Reaching It.

OPPORTUNITIES MORE PLENTIFUL THAN EVER.

Tunnel Builder Agrees With Harriman That Fortune Is Easier to Attain Now Than Forty Years Ago.

By Rose C. Tillotson

Success seems to be a matter of perspiration rather than inspiration to the young man of to-day who is working his way up the ladder of achievement, and if he believes that opportunity is plentiful, he is right. Just let him drop into the offices of William P. McAdoo, the wizard of tunnel building, who is grasping fame by the right hand and fortune by the left.

This all-around success story will tell you that Edward H. Harriman is right in declaring that money is made more easily to-day than forty years ago. He himself is an emphatic affirmation of the financier's statement, for despite his lack of years the man behind the tunnel has already carved a career for himself out of the rocks beneath the Hudson.

Some forty odd years ago this splendid son of the South came into the world in Georgia. He came of good old Southern stock, too, with a "Mc" to tell the story of the race from which he derives his energy, his temperament, his humor and his smile. Having graduated from the University of Tennessee, he practiced law in Chattanooga where, after introducing trolleys in the place of mules as a means of transportation, the future "Napoleon of Tunnels" first began his railroad dreaming.

A Dreamer, but Practical.

And that McAdoo, though a dreamer, is not of the lotus-eating kind, but one with tremendous energy and fighting blood in his veins, has been proven by the recent realization of his dreams—the carrying through of one of the greatest engineering feats in history.

"Do you think a young man has more chance of making money to-day than forty years ago?"

I put the question to Mr. McAdoo squarely yesterday afternoon, when he met him in his office in the Hudson Terminal Building.

"That's rather a big question to ask and answer just on the spur of the moment, now isn't it?" asked the tunnel builder in return, smiling down upon me from his height of six feet two.

Success Lies Within the Man.

"The men of the present day have far greater chances of making money than they did twenty years ago," he said, settling down in his office chair to discuss the subject. "In the first place, the number of opportunities offered a young man have tripled in these forty years. Every day a new line of work is being opened and, through it, thousands of young men are given a chance to develop. For instance, there is the airship. Fame and fortune is in store for many a young man who has entered this new field."

"I believe, however, that success lies within the man himself, for men of ability and ambition will always gain recognition."

"Of course, competition is keener to-day than in the days of old," he added, the lawyer, crossing one extraordinarily long leg over the other extraordinarily long leg, "but because of the tremendous amount of new avenues of work there are plenty of opportunities to go around, and I think that Mr. Harriman is right in saying that the rising generation has an easier time in making money than did the veterans of forty years ago."

Concentration is one of the chief essentials to success," Mr. McAdoo added as an after-thought, as we shook hands at parting.

A successful young man should at the beginning of his career aim at a certain goal and work for it till he has reached it. He must not let his mind wander, for if he is going after that which he has done and well, you've just said that I am successful."

"MAD DOG" PANIC

SCARES PARK PICNICS.

Policeman Joins Chase and Ends

Life of Animal Crowd Had

Pelted Through Blocks.

A big Gordon setter ran this afternoon in Claremont park, the Bronx, with a crowd of "mad dogs" at his heels. Women and children fled in a panic and a score of picnic parties broke up, the members taking to their heels. The dog, pelted with sticks and stones, the dog dashed out of the Webster avenue entrance and down Teller avenue. Police-
man Klein cornered the animal at a hundred and sixty-third street. The dog backed into an angle and snapped at the policeman. It required three shots to kill him.

Although many children were badly frightened by the sight of the snarling dog, the police were unable to find any one who had been bitten. They were also unable to find the owner of the dog.

BOY DIVER BREAKS SKULL.

Policeman Brings In Injured Lad,

Who Is Mortally Hurt.

John Bohon, fourteen years old, of No. 112 West Eighty-ninth street, was mortally hurt to-day while swimming at the foot of West Eighty-fifth street. The boy dived from a raft into shallow water, striking on a sharp rock that split his skull.

When Bohon failed to come up, Policeman Huran went in after him and dragged him from the water. Swan-
son of the Roosevelt Hospital, where the boy was taken, said there was small hope of his recovery.



BROOKLYNITES HURT IN AUTO COLLISION

Occupants of Car All Thrown

Out When It Crashed With

Wagon and Hit Pole.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

WATERBURY, Conn., Aug. 14.—Henry Liemetz, of Brooklyn, are to-day being treated for serious injuries sustained in a collision between an automobile and a farmer's wagon at East Haven. They were members of a party in the auto.

Mr. Liemetz was thrown out, striking on his head and catching his left foot at the ankle in the chain of the machine, which cut through the tendons to the bone. Miss Liemetz was hurled the head and otherwise hurt. The others in the machine escaped with slight injuries and refused to disclose their identity. Liemetz was taken to Dr. Cheney's sanitarium and his sister to the Granite Bay Hotel at Short Beach.

John S. Thompson, the owner of the wagon, which occurred late last night, says that after the auto and the wagon met, the machine skidded and struck a telegraph pole, throwing all the occupants to the road. The auto, valued at \$500, was wrecked.

HEARING REGAINED

BY A WELL-KNOWN

BRONX RESIDENT.

Conversed Over Telephone for

the First Time in Five

Years.

Since his advent in New York some months ago to introduce his medicines, L. T. Cooper has won many adherents to his theory regarding the human stomach. Among the many staunch believers in Cooper and his medicines is Mr. Charles Schwartz, living at No. 881 East One Hundred and Seventy-ninth street, Bronx, New York, who gives his experience in the following statement:

"I suffered from catarrh for the past ten or twelve years. Beginning in my head, it communicated to my stomach and finally spread through my entire system. It became so bad that I lost my sense of hearing to a great extent. I was compelled to breathe through my mouth altogether, as my nostrils were completely stopped up. There was a ringing sensation in my ears and a buzzing in my head that was very annoying."

I had no appetite to speak of, and almost lost my sense of taste. I became greatly weakened and run down. After eating I would be in distress from an accumulation of gas, which was painful and oppressive. I made numerous efforts to obtain relief, tried various medicines and treated with many physicians, without benefit. When this man, Cooper, came to New York, I was sceptical, but several months ago, on the strength of what others claimed he had done for them, I procured a bottle of his New Discovery preparation to try it."

"At first I could not see any appreciable benefit, but after taking several bottles of the New Discovery I began to see signs of improvement. My head felt clearer, my appetite was better, and my stomach gave me less trouble. From this time on my recovery was rapid, and after taking a full course of treatment I found myself practically well."

Several months have elapsed since I ceased taking the Cooper medicine, and there has been no recurrence of my former trouble. The catarrh has disappeared, and with it all signs of stomach trouble. My head is now as clear as a bell. I breathe through my nostrils with perfect freedom, and can hear again through my right ear. I can now hear over the telephone for the first time in five years."

Cooper's headquarters are now located at the Rector drug store, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York, where he and his assistants are daily meeting the public and explaining the nature of the Cooper remedies.

Cooper's New Discovery is sold at all the Riker stores and by all other druggists.

CORDOVA FREE INTENDS TO RISE FROM THE DEPTHS

He Says So Himself on Leaving

Jail and May Head

for Mexico.

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 14.—J. Frank Cordova, the unfrocked Methodist Episcopal minister, who twice deserted his wife and children to run away with Julia Bowne, a choir singer in his church at South River, was released from the State Prison here soon after 4 A. M. to-day. He was convicted of abandoning his wife and of assault and battery on the woman, and received a sentence of three years and another sentence of one year. He has served both terms, less the usual commutation for good behavior.

Cordova refused to discuss his future, except to say that he "was going to begin life all over and do a man's work in life."

To Meet Julia Bowne?

Rev. J. Ward Gamble, of Penn's Grove, N. J., who was formerly the pastor of a Methodist church here, and who had a talk with Cordova, said that the ex-pastor told him he intended to seek a position in either New York or Philadelphia, so that he could earn enough money to pay his passage to Mexico. Cordova, according to Mr. Gamble, seemed to expect that Julia Bowne would soon join him.

Before leaving the prison Cordova said good-by to the keepers and thanked them for the kindness shown to him during his incarceration. The former minister was accompanied by Rev. Charles S. Kemble, a Methodist preacher of Plainfield, who was a classmate of Cordova's at the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison. After a stop at the Trenton Press Club, where he made a statement in which he did not mention either his wife or Julia Bowne, Cordova left with Mr. Kemble in an automobile for Bristol, Pa.

Just before leaving the Press Club, where he had been conducted by newspaper men, he said to the reporters:

"I think that after having faced the penalty that was imposed on me I should be allowed the chance to rise up from the depths, where I was, and to begin life all over again and to do a man's work in life. One of the things that have been a source of continual distress to me has been the uninterrupted, unkind criticism of the press, but one of the several things I have learned during my intense agony has been to be forgiving. Having been so misjudged myself, I hesitate lest I misjudge others."

Chance to Measure Up.

"All I ask is for a chance to rise and measure up to the full standard of man."

Cordova left the clubhouse at 5:30 o'clock and entered an automobile with Rev. Mr. Kemble. He almost ran to the auto and kept his handkerchief over his face to prevent his picture being taken by a group of photographers. When he went into the clubhouse he wore a Panama hat, but when he came out he had on a derby, he and Mr. Kemble having exchanged hats.

Cordova refused to say how long he intended to remain at Bristol or where he was going from there.

JULIA BOWNE SILENT.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 14.—Julia Bowne, who eloped with J. Frank Cordova, is living with her mother in the strictest seclusion, at No. 321 Sunset avenue, Asbury Park. Repeated attempts have been made to get an interview with her in order to learn whether she intended to rejoin Cordova on his release from prison, but all inquiries have been denied admission to her home and she has remained silent.

RACING BALLOONS IN FLIGHT FOR CUP, WEE GIRL IN ONE

Little Nathalie Forbes in Glee as Airships Shoot Up in Novel Contest.

10,000 SEE THE START.

Racers Leave North Adams,

Each to Land in Towns

Named, 30 Miles Away.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., Aug. 14.—Three well-tried out balloons, guided by experienced pilots, ascended from here this afternoon in a thirty-mile point-to-point race, the first event of this kind ever held in the United States. The contestants, who had as an incentive a valuable cup offered by A. Holland Forbes, of New York, were required last before starting to name a certain city or town at least thirty miles distant as their point of landing, and had to come down within ten miles of the designated place.

The contest was held under the auspices of the North Adams Aero Club, over 10,000 persons gathered in and about the park, and as each balloon ascended a cheering went up.

The first balloon to get away was the North Adams No. 1, in which was A. D. Potter, of Greenfield, as pilot. A Holland Forbes, of New York, and Mr. Forbes's daughter, Miss Nathalie, aged twelve years.

The destination of the balloon was given as Haydenville, Mass.

The second balloon to ascend was the Graylock, with Dr. Roger M. Randall, of North Adams, as pilot. He was accompanied by Clarence Wildman, of North Adams. The destination was Leeds, Mass.

The third balloon to take part in the race was the Heart of the Berkshires, piloted by A. R. Hawley, of New York. With Pilot Hawley was William Van Sleet, of Pittsfield.

The wind was slight, blowing about six miles an hour, and came from the west. The sky was cloudless and the conditions almost perfect, with the exception that the wind was rather light.

The balloons ascended to about 3,000 feet immediately after start and went off lightly to the east.

Mayor F. D. Stafford acted as starter for the balloons. As the North Adams No. 1 rose from the earth Little Nathalie Forbes leaned over the basket and threw out pieces of popcorn which the boys below scrambled for.

That the little girl was no way frightened by her novel experience was well attested by her shouts of "Hurrah for North Adams No. 1," which could plainly be heard below.

BALDWIN MAKES SHORT

FLIGHT IN STRONG WIND.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—Capt. Baldwin made a short flight in his dirigible balloon at Fort Myer to-day, but a strong wind blowing did not permit him to make an official flight.

We went up at 8:30 o'clock and sailed over the parade grounds, but the board notified him that if he crossed the starting point the flight would be regarded as an official one. The wind was blowing from the north, Baldwin brought the balloon to the ground. If the weather permits he will make an official flight late this afternoon.

BIG GREETING FOR

NEW YORK YACHTS

Marblehead Turns Out En

Mass to Welcome Big

Fleet at End of Trip.

(Special to The Evening World.)

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Aug. 14.—Great preparations have been made for the reception of the New York Yacht Club fleet and to-night Marblehead Harbor will have more boats in it than ever before. Yachtsmen from all over this section are coming in by thousands to-day to view the New York fleet and its illumination to-night.

A dinner will be given to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and members of the committee by Commodore Gordon Abbott at the Eastern Yacht Club to-morrow night. It is the sixth since the last visit of the New York Yacht Club fleet to this port.

NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

BERLIN, Aug. 14.—Sir Edward Goschen, at present the Ambassador of Great Britain at Vienna, is to succeed Sir Frederick C. Lascelles, the British Ambassador at Berlin, who retires Oct. 31, in accordance with the custom.

Edwards saw Emperor William at Cronberg a few days ago he asked the Emperor if he would be pleased to accept the Emperor's reply affirmatively.

EVEN WHEN the whole morning's menu fails to appeal.

Post (Formerly called

Eljah's Manna)

Look Good, Taste Good, ARE GOOD!

Made from purely white corn de-

liciously toasted.

"The Taste Lingers"

Popular Price, 10c; Family size 15c.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

MONEY MACHINE COST HIM \$7,000 AND DIDN'T WORK

Zandorer Couldn't Grind Out New Bills and Caused Two Arrests.

An intricate machine for which

Gezaile Zandorer, a butter and egg

dealer at No. 68 Avenue C, paid \$7,000,

with the understanding that it would

grind out five, ten and twenty dollar

bills by simply feeding blank paper to

it, failed to work to-day, so Zandorer,

disgusted, hid to the restaurant of

Henry Laster, at No. 21 West Seven-

teenth street, and accused Mrs. Laster

of having sold him a worthless wooden

box with the mechanism of an old clock

in it.

The woman, he avers, threw the box

in her kitchen stove, and it was con-

sumed.

Zandorer, at the West Twentieth

street station, complained to Detective

Summers of the failure of the machine

to operate, and Summers arrested Las-

ter and his wife on a charge of grand

larceny. Laster said he was thirty-

eight years old and his wife forty.

Zandorer said he has on several oc-

casions visited Laster on evenings to

watch the machine apparently turn out

new bills by simply inserting blank

paper and turning a crank. Zandorer

said he borrowed several of the bills

and had them examined at a bank, and

when he was told they were genuine

he agreed, he swears, to purchase the

machine for \$7,000.

Last night he paid the money and

took possession of the machine. He

was accompanied by his wife and

by their counsel, Mark Alter, to

maintain silence, who, after entering

pleas of not guilty, consented to have

the examination postponed until Sat-

urday. Magistrate Drogue held Laster

and his wife in \$5,000 bail each.

WALL STREET JEERS AND PELTS SUFFRAGETTES

"Men of East Side Show More Manhood Than You," Speaker Tells Brokers.

"The men of the east side, who

haven't any education, who amuse men-

hood than many of you men of Wall

street," cried pretty little Miss Mary

Coleman, a lawyer and a Suffragette,

when she was pelted with lemons, soap,

orange and banana peels and water-

soaked wads of paper as she was ad-

dressing a crowd of curb brokers from

an automobile in Broad street this after-

noon.

There were four Suffragettes, and

they bore their big yellow banner, with

the inscription, "Votes for Women,"